THE STAR AND BANNER.

BY D. A. & C. H. BUEHLER. "FEARLESS AND FREE." TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

VOLUME XXII. GETTYSBURG, PA. FRIDAY EVENING, MAY 9, 1851. NUMBER 8.

ANOTHER REVOLUTION.

We won't be beat in selling bargains!

LATEST ARRIVAL OF

SPRING AND SUMMER

GOODS,

At the Cheap Store of A. B. KURTZ,

SOUTH-EAST CORNER OF CENTRE SQUARE.

THE subscriber announces to his numerous customers and others, that he has just received from the Eastern cities, the *largest, best and cheapest* assortment of

Dry Goods, Groceries, and

QUEENSWARE,

ever offered in this place. To test this he invites the attention of all who are desirous of purchasing, before calling elsewhere.

☞ To his numerous customers, for the very liberal patronage bestowed, he returns his sincere thanks, and trusts that they will not forget to call and see his present unrivalled assortment.

April 18.—tf A. B. KURTZ.

NEW GOODS.

GEORGE ARNOLD

HAVING extended his business, is now opening as large a stock of Fresh Goods as has been offered to the public at any time in this place. The stock consisting of a general assortment of

DRY GOODS,

among which are superfine Cloths, Tweeds, Cassimeres, Cashmerets, Cassinets, Janes, Drillings, Summer Cloths and Plaids, with many other articles for gentlemen's wear—all very cheap. Call and examine.—Also, a great variety of Ladies Fancy Dress Goods, Silks, plain, striped and plaid, Calicoes, Ginghams, Mous. Delanes, Berages and Berage Delanes, Shawls, Bonnets, Ribbons, Hosiery, Gloves, Laces and Trimmings, with almost every article in the Dry Goods line.

A large lot of Carpeting, Domestics, Fresh Groceries, Queensware, Wooden-Ware, &c., &c.

all of which will be sold as cheap as the cheapest. Please call, examine and judge for yourselves. We pledge ourselves not to be undersold in any article by any establishment in the place. What we promise we intend to do, and no mistake. Give us a call.

GEO. ARNOLD.

Gettysburg, April 4.

NEW GOODS.

JUST FROM THE CITY.

J. L. SCHICK has just returned from the city of Philadelphia, with one of the largest & most beautiful assortments of

FANCY GOODS,

ever brought to this place; and his stock of

Ladies' Dress Goods,

is as varied as it is splendid, and he takes special pride in calling the attention of the Ladies of the town and country thereto.—His goods will compare in style, quality and variety with any that can be bought in the cities, and to prove this he only asks a call.

He has also laid in a very fine stock of Cloths, Cassimeres, Vestings, &c. which he feels confident will please all who examine.

His prices he has placed as low as possible, believing that "quick sales and small profits," is better for both buyer and seller.

April 4, 1851.—tf.

NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS!

At Fahnestock's Store.

S. FAHNESTOCK & SONS would respectfully inform their friends and the public generally, that they have received the largest and best selected

STOCK OF GOODS,

ever before offered in the County, having just returned from the Cities, consisting of

CLOTHS, CASSIMERES,

Vestings, Satinetts, Calicoes, Muslins, Bleached and unbleached, Cambrics, Cord, Valencias. Also,

Ladies' Dress Goods,

Berage, Berage de Laines, Mous. de Laines, Lawns, Poplins, Ginghams, &c. also a splendid assortment of

Dress Silks, Shawls, Bonnets,

Bonnet Silks, Ribbons, Artificial Tabs, Palm and Leghorn Hats, Caps, Ladies' and Children's Shoes; Parasols & Umbrellas; Gloves and Hosiery of every description.

CARPETS,

and a complete assortment of

QUEENSWARE AND GROCERIES,

all of which will be sold at exceedingly low prices.

☞ Call and examine before purchasing, as we consider it no trouble to show goods.

S. FAHNESTOCK & SONS.

April 11.

Shoes! Shoes! Shoes!

JUST received, a large lot of *Ladies' Morocco and Kid Shoes; Gaiters, Slippers, &c.; Misses' do. do.*; also Gentlemen's do. do., at

KURTZ'S CHEAP CORNER.

April 18.

CLOTHS, Summer Cassimeres, Satinetts, Vestings, Satinets, for sale at a bargain at KURTZ'S.

CARPETING, a fine lot of Oil Cloth, can be had very low of

April 18 A. B. KURTZ.

[From the Home Journal.

On the Death of a Slave.

BY MRS. J. K. POSTER.

Blessed are the poor in heart, for they shall see God.

Son to thine! Almighty Father!
Child of love and mercy now;
Of such spirits is Thy Kingdom.—
And thy seal is on her brow;
Thousands, years she walked among us,
With a gentle, upward mind;
Were Time marked by deeds of goodness,
Centuries had crowned her head.

In our hours of social gladness
All her sympathies were stirred,
Youth and Age around her gathered
To receive the kindly word;
Anger fled from her approaching,
And she heart forgot its pride.
Charity, that endureth all things,
Was a dweller by her side.

In the hour of pain and trial,
Tender were her touch and tone,
Yet her presence seemed a sunbeam
Bright'ning all where'er it shone;
Cheering the faint-hearted mother
Till the infant's wail was heard;
Then her arms received the stranger,
As she spoke the welcoming word.

But when Sorrow was our inmate,
Or when Trouble pressed us sore,
Or, when Death approached our household,
She was ever at the door;
When of us our Heavenly father
Asked the treasures that he gave,
Little loved ones she had welcomed,
She apparelled for the grave.

Mother's hand was not more tender
To support each drooping limb,
Or to part the clustering ringlets,
White with tears her eyes were dim;
"This is but the little casket."
She would say, in pleasant tone,
"And the jewel 'Master' lent us
He has taken for his own."

Little children, poor, forsaken,
Ever in her heart had place;
They will miss her word in season,
They will miss her kindly face;
And the fallen she would plead with,
Letting no one cast a stone,
"Sister, come to seek our Father,
He his erring child will own."

Everything for man had beauty,
Flowers that bloom or leaves that fall,
She would spare the meanest insect,
"One Creator made us all:"
Many a weary, foot-sore pilgrim
She hath cheered along Life's road,
Treading still the narrow pathway
That hath led her up to God.

Brief the time for soul-communing—
Few the hours for vain regret;
But her lamp was trimmed and burning,
And her horse in order set;
Few her words—but fitly spoken,
"She awaited Master's call:
Poor and feeble—yet she trusted
She would pass the gates of Pearl!

"Only just within," she murmured,
And we felt that she was near,—
Graven were the words she uttered,
As the last—one—a—[illegible]
"Some have thought my time and substance
To the poor too freely given;
But there's hope in this remembrance,
It may smooth my path to heaven.

"For we read that 'he is blessed
Who considereth the poor,'
God hath said, 'in time of trouble
Her deliverance is sure.'"
They who knew her well remember
When her voice the silence broke,
How she charmed a listening circle
With the happy thoughts she spoke.

Once she told us, and each feature
Lighted up with feeling warm,
"Through the world I bear a basket
Resting on my spirit arm;
'Tis my master's gift—and ever
In his service it shall be,
As I wonder forth I gather
Crumbs of bread that fall for me.

"When I see a hopeful spirit
Struggling through temptation's hour;
When I see a poor, weak blossom
Bearing up against the shower;
Every word that falls in precious,
Every leaf becomes a gem,
And I lay them in my basket
For a precious diadem.

"From the lips of little children
I have gained instruction sweet;
From the pris'ner, thoughts of wisdom,—
From the beggar in the street;
From the things of God's creation;
From the rainbow arching o'er,—
And I lay them in my basket,
Adding ever to my store.

"Then when illness comes, or sorrow,
And I fain would comfort give,
Trustful turn I to my basket,
Words of healing to receive;
Thus I labor for my Master,
Never weary, never faint,
Unaware, a cup of water
I may offer to a saint."

Thus she spoke—and inspiration
Made her loving face more bright;
Now her lips have lost their sweetness,
And her eye its holy light;
Strange it was to see her parentless,
Who so helpful was to all,
Oh! on some one now amongst us,
May her heavenly mantle fall!

When we gathered with her children,
To perform the last sad rite,
Then we missed her cheerful spirit,
Always hopeful, always bright;
But we take from our her basket
Thoughts of comfort for each heart,
Through the blood of her Redeemer
She hath gained immortal part.

ANTIQUITY OF DRINKING HEALTHS.—The practice of drinking healths is one of great antiquity. The ancient Hebrews [illegible] at the festive board of adopting this token of good will. A large cup was then used, and the father, or he who presided at the table, first drank [illegible] then passed it [illegible] the custom; first they drank to the [illegible] Moses, [illegible] objects which made an uproar [illegible] concluding by drinking to their [illegible] a bumper for every heart in their house.

The ruling passion was evidently exhibited in a remarkable manner, on the occasion of a funeral. An old lady had lost her husband, and at the day of the funeral, her neighbors went somewhat early in appearing at the solemnities. "Bobby," said the old woman, "hand me my knitting; I might as well be making a few stitches while the gathering is taking place."

It has been calculated that more than three hundred pounds of blood pass thro' a man's heart during one hour of his life. The [illegible] quantity of blood in an adult [illegible] pounds, [illegible] the heart, [illegible] an hour.

THAT TIME WILL COME.

That time is coming. That month, that day, that hour, that moment is coming apace, and draws nearer and nearer with every rising and setting sun. What time, do you ask, reader? It is the time most solemn, most important and full of surpassing interest to you, reader, at any moment of your existence. It is the time when you will die. It will be the end of time to you. Then you will pass out of time. You will have done with time.—At that time you will change your mode of existence. You will enter on new and untried scenes in a world of spirits and become the companion of good or evil angels. That hour, that moment will stamp on your destiny the seal of eternity. What a time that will be to each individual!—How near and full of interest! And yet how little think the gay and pleasure loving people of that coming hour. Could they lift life's spy glass and look away into the coming future, and see that messenger on the pale horse approaching with every passing hour, how different would be the conduct of many from what it is now! Yet that moment is coming. The time to die will come.

Death is to every man a serious matter. It makes us serious to think of it amidst the gayest and most trifling scenes. Reflections on death have no affinity to light and vain amusements. Mirth flies instinctively at the very mention of the name of death. If but one thought of the future world come in amidst the thoughts of vanity, it scatters them as the tempest scatters the chaff. The two kinds of thoughts, the serious and the vain cannot exist together. And since the one must exclude the other it becomes a solemn question, which of the two are better for our happiness? How often and to what extent will it be more profitable to cherish mirth and solemnity? Which may be most safely established with the habits of the mind? Which will most confirm your peace, elevate your character, and lead you most directly to holiness and heaven?

A BIT OF MESMERISM.

"As I said," observed Goethe, "we are all groping among mysteries and wonders. Besides, one soul may have a decided influence upon another, merely by means of its silent presence, of which I could relate many instances. It has often happened to me, that, when I have been walking with an acquaintance, and have had a living image of something in my mind, he has at once begun to speak of that very thing. I have also known a man who, without saying a word, could suddenly silence a party engaged in cheerful conversation by the mere power of his mind.—Nay, he could also introduce a tone that would make everybody feel uncomfortable. We have all something of electrical and magnetic forces within us, and we put forth, like the magnet itself, an attractive or repulsive power, accordingly as we come in contact with something similar or dissimilar. It is possible, nay, even probable, that if a young girl were, without knowing it, to find herself in a dark chamber with a man who designed to murder her, she would have an uneasy sense of his unknown presence, and that an anguish would come over her, which would drive her from the room to the rest of the household."

"I know a scene in an opera," returned I, "in which two lovers who have long been separated by a great distance, find themselves together in a dark room without knowing it; but they do not remain long together before the magnetic power begins to work; one feels the proximity of the other—they are involuntarily attracted towards each other—and it is not long befor the young girl is clasped in the arms of the youth."

"With lovers," answer Goethe, "this magnetic power is particularly strong, and acts even at a distance. In my younger days I have experienced cases enough, when, during solitary walks, I have felt great desire for the company of a beloved girl, and have thought of her till she has really come to meet me. 'I was so restless in my room,' she said, 'that I could not help coming here.'"—*Eckerman's Conversations.*

SUPERSTITIONS REGARDING FRIDAY.

It is strange that Friday is regarded in all countries as a peculiar day. In England it is generally considered unlucky, and many people will not commence any undertaking on that day, and most sailors are firm in the belief that a vessel sailing on that day, is sure to be wrecked. If a marriage takes place on that day, the old wives shake their heads and predict all kinds of evil on the bride and bridegroom; nay, they even pity all children who are so unfortunate as to come into the world on that inauspicious day.

In Germany, however, Friday is thought to be a favorable day for the solemnization of matrimonial and other undertakings, and the reason advocated for the preference attached, is said to be the ancient belief, that witches and sorcerers invariably hold their weekly meetings on this day, and whilst they were amusing themselves with dancing, and riding on broomsticks, around the Blocksberg, they could have no time to work any evil.

It is but a short time since, that a large ship owner at Hull, to do away with the superstition, caused the keel of a vessel to be laid on a Friday; she was launched on a Friday, and named the Friday; she sailed on a Friday, but unfortunately for the philanthropic owner, she was never more heard of, and the superstition, in consequence, has in that immediate vicinity since reigned uncontrolled.—*Tweed script.*

A schoolboy down east was reading aloud in the Old Testament, when, coming to the phrase, "making the *waste* places glad," he was asked by the pedagogue what it meant? The youngster paused—scratched his head—but could give no answer, when an impromptu a most preacherous urchin, and cried out, "I know what it means, master. It means hugging the girls; for Tom Ross is allers huggin 'em round the waist, and it makes them sad as can be."

AN EXTENSIVE JUDGE.

Judge Dick Claiborne, under the old cocked hat and enormous prerogative of parish judge, swayed the sceptre of North Western Louisiana with the potentiality and vigor hardly equalled at the present day by the czar of Russia. Among the multifarious duties and powers of the parish judge was that of succession. He sold all the property of succession in his parish. It happened on one occasion, in selling out the property of a deceased grocer, that an unruly parishioner disturbed the order of the proceedings. The judge fined him fifty dollars and sent him to jail for contempt of court. An application was made to him to remit the fine and release the prisoner on the ground that it was no contempt of court, as the judge, when fulfilling the duties of auctioneer, was not a court, and therefore was not an object of contempt. The judge immediately drew himself up with all his dignity and conscious power, and replied, "Sir, I'll let you know that I am judge of this parish—judge all the time—judge from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof; and as such, always an object of contempt."

INTERESTING FESTIVAL.

In the middle of last January the Schaffler dance was performed in Munich.—This *Schaffler Tanz* takes place every 7 years. The origin of the dance is this: In the year 1517 a dreadful plague ravaged Munich. All doors and windows were closed, and men avoided their neighbors. In the midst of this terror and silence, a troop of men, coopers by trade (schaffler in the dialect of this part of Germany,) came in from the country with music, and green branches, and went from house to house calling on the people to open their windows and doors. The people at this unexpected summons, came forth, and, as if in frantic joy, danced through the streets, and strangely enough, the plague spell was broken. In commemoration of this event, the Schaffler Tanz is performed every 7th year. The men wear gay scarlet coats, black velvet small clothes, yellow aprons and gayly ornamented hats; they always dance before the royal palace. The bright dresses, music, and the attendance of harlequins made a lively scene. The Schaffler Tanz is generally the commencement of the carnival.

GOOD.—A pleasant young fellow, about half-seas over, passing through the Strand at a late hour, was accosted by a watchman, who began with all the insolence of office, to file a string of interrogatories, in hope of being handsomely paid for his trouble. "What is your name, sir?" "Five shillings." "Out of the King's dominions." "Where have you been?" "Where you would have been with all your heart." "Where are you going?" "Where you dare not go for your ears." The officious guardian of the night thought these answers sufficient to warrant him to take the young man to the watch-house. The next morning, on being brought before the magistrate, he told his worship, "that as to the first question, his name was Thomas Crown; with regard to the second, he lived in Little Britain; to the third he had been taking a glass of wine with a friend; and that as to the last," said he, "I was going home to my wife." The magistrate reprimanded the watchman in severe terms, and wished Mr. Crown good morning.—*London Paper.*

A WELSH MAGISTRATE.—A traveller having made an excellent supper at an inn in North Wales, observed that "nobody could have made a better." "Stop, stop," said the landlord, "you are in Wales, sir, and must not make personal comparisons without adding, the mayor excepted."—"No," rejoins the other, "I'll except neither mayor nor alderman; I say no man could have made a better supper than I have done." "Will you not?" said Boniface. "Then let me tell you, you'll be fined five shillings." "Fined or confined, it matters not; I'll not except a soul of them."

The landlord made his bow and exit, but the next morning summoned his guest before the mayor for the act of petty treason, and the fine was in consequence exacted and paid; when the traveller, turning round to the landlord in open court, thus addressed him: "I have travelled through a greater part of England, Scotland and Ireland, and except the dentical animal that chews the thistle, I have never met with so egregious an ass as you are, landlord;" and then turning with an air of profound reverence to the bench, he added, "the mayor excepted."

RUINS OF AN ANCIENT CITY.—Antiquarians will feel deeply interested in the discovery of a vast region of ancient ruins near San Diego, and within a day's march of the Pacific Ocean, at the head of the Gulf of California. Portions of temples, dwellings,—lofty stone pyramids (seven of these within a a square mile,) and massive granite rings, or circular walls round venerable trees, columns and blocks of hieroglyphics, all speak of some ancient race of men, now forever gone, their history actually unknown to any existing family of mankind. If some points these ruins resemble the recently discovered cities, Palenquin, &c. near the Atlantic or Mexican coasts, in others, again, the monuments of Phœnice and yet in many features they differ. From all I have referred to, I observe the distorbrieseem to be antedeluvian, while the present Indians have a tradition of a great civilization, which their serious forefathers utterly destroyed. The region of the ruins incalled by the Indians the "valley of mystery."—*Wilmer's Chronicle.*

BAD BUGS.—There is a long article in the *Valley Farmer*, by which it is established beyond question that sweet oil occasionally rubbed over bedsteads, chair boards, &c. will effectually prevent the appearance of bed bugs. We deem it unnecessary to publish the evidence of the efficiency of this cheap and agreeable preventive, as the statements are plausible enough the reader will take our word that it is not conclusive.

RECORDS OF A HEAD-DRESS.—At the ball of Nottingham, England, in honor of Lord Howe's victory of the 1st of June, 1794, amid the glare of diamonds, pearls and other jewels, ostrich feathers and flowers, Mrs. Musters' head-dress was a simple wreath formed from a branch of natural oak; three acorns from this chaste and appropriate appendage were, after breakfast the following morning, planted in the presence of the company by the Countess Howe, on the lawn at Colnwick. All the acorns grew, were "tenderly cared for," and are now handsome trees.—*London Times.*

CURIOUS SUICIDE.—An old officer on the retired list, residing at Creteil, near Paris, lately committed suicide from grief at the death of his horse, which, since his retirement from the the service, he had nursed with the most assiduous care, and when dead he had buried in his garden.—Some neighbors becoming alarmed at not seeing him appear as usual, entered the house, where they found him hanging in his bedroom. A letter was lying on the table, which contained these words, "My poor horse is dead, and I cannot survive it."—*Foreign Correspondent Republic.*

LARGE TREES.—In Australia there are the highest trees in the world. One of an unknown kind has been found there measuring 220 feet from the ground to the lowest branch. At the base this tree is 20 feet in diameter, and at the height of the first 12 feet; at the ground its circumference is 130 feet; at three feet high, 102 feet. This tree is perfectly sound; it stands in a forest of sassafras. Another sort of great tree there is called *Eucalyptis gigantia.* It rises to the height of 300 feet, and often has 40 feet circumference. Its bark is excellent for tanning, being twice as strong as oak bark.—*N. Y. Eve. Post.*

At a meeting, a year or two ago, in this country, a gentleman was speaking on a question, not strictly within the range of business then on the tapis. Becoming animated as his remarks progressed, he exclaimed with something of melodramatic solemnity—'Mr. President my bowels yearn for the miserable victims,' &c.—'Order, order,' shout several voices from the opposite corner of the house—*'the gentleman's bowels are out of order!'*—The point of order was sustained by the chair, and the speaker was commanded to take his seat.

Mr. Rees, a well known street preacher in this city, was accosted by a would be wag the other day, and questioned as follows:

'Do you believe what the Bible says about Jonah and the fatted calf?'

'Certainly I do.'

'Well, can you tell me whether the calf that was killed was a male or female calf?'

'Yes it was a female calf.'

'How do you know that?'

'Because,' said Rees, looking the chap in the face, 'I see the male calf is alive now.'—*Cin. Nonpareil.*

Some years ago there was a young English nobleman at Washington, who had not much brains, but a vast number of titles. Several ladies were one evening mentioning the number of titles. "He is Lord Viscount so and so, Baron of such a court," &c. "My fair friends," said Lieut L., "you have omitted one title, he is *Baron of Intellect!*"

Glory.

What is glory? What is fame?
The echo of a long lost name!
A breath, an idle hour's brief talk,
The shadow of arrant naught;
A flower that blossoms for a day,
Dying next morrow;
A stream that hurries on its way,
Singing of sorrow.

Motherwell.

A minister was walking out one day and passed two little boys, one of whom made a bow. As he turned his back, he heard the following amusing conversation: "Why, John, didn't you know that was parson M.?" "Yes, of course I did," "Well, why did you not make a bow to him?" "Why, my mother dont belong to his church."

The following was posted on the door of the Ludlow Church, in Hertfordshire, some time back:—"This is to give notice that no person is to be buried in the churchyard, but those living in the parish. Those who wish to be buried, are desired to apply to Ephriam Grubb, parish clerk."

Girls are like kittens—gently smooth them the right way, and they will rub and *pur* most affectionately, but give them a contrary brush, and they will get their back up in a most disdainful manner.—They all like to be kissed, but sham a delicacy about the operation.

"What did Mr. —— die of?" asked a simple neighbor. "Of a complication of disorders," replied his friend. "How do you describe this complication, my good sir?" "He died," answered the other, "of two physicians, an apothecary, and a surgeon."

"What under the sun can cause that bell to ring to-day?" said one man to another as they were approaching a country village. "If I was to express my candid, unbiased opinion," was the reply, "I should say that some one was pulling the rope."

"Ma," said Wilhelmina, "I don't think Solomon was so rich as they say he was." "Why, my dear?" said her astonished ma. "Because he slept with his fathers;" and I think if he had been so very rich he would have had a bed of his own!"—*Wilmer's Chronicle.*

CURIOUS CARGO.—A letter from the master of a vessel lately arrived in the Thames, from New South Wales, mentions that the brigantine, of London, was taking in a cargo at Sydney, for California, consisting of ready-made coffins, which were filled with boiled beef!

An Irishman, upon seeing a squirrel being shot from a tree said to a Britisher, that he bet that's a mark of powder; the fall must about have killed the squirrel.

A tutor of a college, lecturing a young man on his irregular habits, added with great pathos, "your conduct will bring your father's grey hairs with sorrow to the grave." "That is impossible," replied the youth, "my father wears a wig."

ETIQUETTE.—So punctilious are the people in Boston, that some time ago, an exquisite who was drowning, declined receiving assistance from a man who had sprang overboard to help him, lisping out as he finally sunk—"You will excuse me, I have not been introduced to you!"

Amin Bey, the Turkish envoy, was boarding at the St. Charles Hotel, New Orleans, at the time of its destruction by fire. He ran, with the rest, remarking, "that although he had been cordially received every where, yet New Orleans had given him the *warmest* reception."

A vessel, launched at Lynn, Mass., a few days ago, was named Shadrach, in honor of the fugitive, and a mud cow launched at the same time was christened Henry Clay, *in honor* of a gentleman of that name who lives somewhere in Kentucky.

"The honorable member is so fond of being praised," said an orator in the Irish House of Commons, "that I verily believe he would be content to give up the ghost, if it were but to look up and read the stone-cutter's puff on his grave."

An innocent young sportsman, in order to shoot a squirrel on the top of a tall tree, climbed another one near by; and on being asked his reason for so foolish a freak said that "he didn't want to strain his gun by a *long shot.*"

George Coleman getting out of a hackney coach one night, gave the driver a shilling. "This is a bad shilling, sir," said the driver. "Then it is all right," said George, with his inimitable chuckle, "it is all right; yours is a bad coach."

Many animals, which, under ordinary circumstances are perfectly innoxious, become armed with a callous poison when infuriated. Man himself becomes somewhat poisonous when highly excited to anger.

"Remember, John," said a Pennsylvania sheriff to a friend who had shaken him rather roughly, "remember, I don't care a copper about it, personally; but whoever shakes me shakes the commonwealth."

DREAMS.

Strange is the power of dreams! who has not felt,
When in the morning light such visions melt,
How the veiled soul, though slumbering yet in sleep,
Wakes, haunted by the thoughts of good or ill,
Whose shading influence pursues us still?

Mrs. Norton.

As a general thing, the less a man reads, the more loquacious he is. Put a dozen ignoramuses in a room, and they will wrangle all night about the "constitutionality of a saw-mill."

"The desponding Christian," says Leighton, "turns to his Saviour as surely as the needle to its pole, even though, like the needle, he turns *trembling.*"

Let the young man remember, there is nothing derogatory in any employment which ministers to the well being of the race. It is the spirit that is carried into an employment that elevates or degrades it.

It is every way creditable to handle the yard-stick and to measure tape; the only discredit consists in having a soul whose range of thought is as short as the stick, and as narrow as the tape.

Brutus may have been magnanimous in denouncing his own sons; but in doing so he inflicted moral torture on every heart that had throbed around him.

Do not indulge in that insipid and unmeaning admiration which many people express for things only tolerable. The sentiment is intended for beautiful things.

TRUTH.

As loftiest mountains catch the earliest light,
Till, by degrees, the lowest plains grow bright,
So dawns the truth upon the greatest minds,
Before the thought the lower mortal finds.

All the performances of human art at which we look with praise or wonder, are instances of the resistless force of perseverance.

Somebody thinks that fugitive slaves should be given up, because we should render unto *the seizers* the things that are the seizers.

Talents, merit, beauty, rank, fortune, are responsibilities sufficient, without adding to them estentation.

A man with an irritable temper is more to be pitied, than one bowed down to the earth by poverty.

How humbling to pride is the reflection that man is the only species of the animal creation that wars upon its kind.

A cloud upon the soul shrouds and darkens the earth more than a cloud in the firmament. The spectacle is in the spectator.

Let us love genuinely—things richest last not
And too much change rather argues folly
Than true affection. *Messinger.*

Slander is the revenge of a coward, and dissimulation his defence.

Lands mortgaged, may return, and more esteemed,
But honesty, once pawned, is ne'er redeemed.

He that loses his conscience, has nothing left that is worth keeping.

IMPERTINENCE.

If there be a crime
Of deeper die than all the guilty train
Of human vice, 'tis ingratitude.

Brooke.

The late snow storm in Alabama gave great offence to the abolitionists. It was regarded as another "northern aggression."

Every man ought to endeavor to shield others from the evils he has experienced himself.

Agricultural.

TOBACCO DUST A PROTECTION AGAINST INSECTS.—We last year procured from a snuff mill a barrel of dry but damaged snuff flour, and prepared dredging boxes, covered with a fine bolting cloth, with which we sifted it over the surface of our plants attacked by insects, and with most signal success. The snuff should be applied, if practicable, while the plant is wet with dew, and repeated every shower. If the boxes are properly made, (like a common flour drudge,) and the snuff is perfectly fine and dry, but little time is necessary to go over an acre of plants. Even the rose-bug, cabbage-louse, thrips on grape vines, &c., all yield to the infection of snuff, and the most delicate plant of the hot-house is not injured by its application. For field vegetables, caustic lime, made into a fine powder, while dry, and applied before slaking by contact with the air, will produce similar results.—*Professor Mapes.*

POISONOUS VESSELS.—Vessels of copper often give rise to poisoning. Though the metal undergoes but little change in a dry atmosphere, it is rusted if moisture be present, and its surface becomes covered with a green substance—carbonate or the protoxide of copper, a poisonous compound. It has sometimes happened, that a mother, for want of knowledge, poisoned her family. Sourkrout, when permitted to stand some time in a copper vessel, has produced death in a few hours. Cooks sometimes permit pickles to remain in copper vessels, that they may acquire a rich green color, which they do by absorbing poison. Families have often been thrown into disease by eating such dainties, and may have died in some instances without suspecting the cause.—*Dr. Thompson.*

CULTURE OF CELERY.—For early use it should be started in hot-beds; but for later use it may be sown out in April.—When the plants are of a suitable size, transplant into a rich deep soil. Set in trenches 2½ feet apart, and 15 inches deep. Put a few inches of mellow manure into the bottom of the trench, and an equal good loam, and mix intimately together. Set the plants six inches apart. If convenient take up a ball of earth with each, and transplant in the evening, or in cloudy weather. Stir the soil frequently, as the plants grow, earth up gradually, until the trench is nearly filled, leaving only a small depression to catch the water.

HOW TO APPLY LIME.—The best way to apply lime is to have it fresh from the kiln, slack in with water, and spread it boiling hot; let the state of the land on which it is put be what it may, it will come [illegible] with the [illegible] than any other state. Lime does not contain much manure, but has a stimulating quality that promotes vegetation while it lasts; but if the good effect is not followed up and supported by something more nutritious, it soon sinks back into its old state, or a worse one. Experience is better than theory. J. C.

TOMATOES AND POTATOES.—Tomatoes and potatoes, grown with corn, are said to possess a vastly superior flavor, and to be less liable to rot. "The corn, from its superior powers of attraction and assimilation, appropriates to itself the soluble nitrogenous matter contained in the soil, and thus prevents the less energetic plants in its neighborhood from absorbing those compounds of nitrogen which experiment has shown to be injurious to the quality of their products." Clear as mud!

POULTRY.—No poultry should be kept longer than three years. The Poland topknots are considered the best for laying, and the most hardy. They should be kept in the winter where it is warm, have plenty of food and water, a box of ashes and lime to wallow in, and to peck from, a some fresh meat when they cannot obtain insects; the scraps from tallow factories are good, and you will have no lack of fresh eggs.

PASTURE LAND.—Every milch cow robs the land annually of as much phosphate of lime, (bone forming material,) as contained in eighty pounds of bone dust. From this cause the Cheshire pastures became greatly deteriorated, but were restored to their former fertility by being well dressed. Land continually depastured must be fed regularly with phosphates—by the application of bones, night soil, &c. Some descriptions of lime contain phosphates in sufficient quantity, but not all.

A CUTE TRICK.

French women are noted for adroit swindling operations, which are alike celebrated for their success as for their novelty. We record an instance. A fashionable looking lady recently drove up in a handsome private carriage to a well known lunatic asylum, situated a few miles from Paris, and requested to see the proprietor. Her wish being acceded to, she informed the doctor that she desired to place her husband under his care, to cure if a cruel mania, under which he laboured, viz:—that he had lost a large quantity of jewels—could not be removed. After some hesitation the doctor consented, and the lady on receiving his assurance, drove directly to the first jeweller's in Paris, and selected jewels to the value of several hundred pounds. Requesting the clerk to go with her, in her carriage, to procure the money for the goods she had taken, she drove with him to the insane asylum, and arriving there he was shown into a room. The lady then sought the director, told him of the arrival of her husband, and getting into her carriage again, drove rapidly away. The poor clerk after waiting and waiting grew impatient and violently rang the bell. The doctor made his appearance, and the clerk commencing angrily to enquire after the lady and his jewels, was forced into a straight jacket, the malady complained of, as the doctor imagined, making its appearance. He remained for several days before the fraud was discovered. The [illegible] jewels are as yet not [illegible]

"Too much devotion leads to superstition, too much philosophy to irreligion."